

The Triumph of Justice.

Being the Last Speech and Confession of Nine Malefactors and Betrayers of the Good People of ENGLAND.

But few Examples here are made
Of such as have our Laws betrayed:
The rest that have as ill Deserved,
For the next Sessions are Reserved.

To the Game of Packington's Pound.

I Am glad the happy Time is come, when Justice dare appear in open view. I am blind indeed, so signify my impartial Disposition of Justice to all the World; but tho my Eyes are shut, my Ears are always open to the Complaints of Mankind; and amongst all the Countries I preside over, no Place has so bewail'd my Absence as England. This has been the most unhappy Nation in the World. This Place has bred the Monsters of Mankind, and under what Villanies has the brave People groan'd for many Years? But now, my Friends, I JUSTICE am return'd; and so long as you maintain your Noble English Principles, I will never forsake you: And that you may believe I resolve to establish you upon the firmest Foundation, I have brought some of the Betrayers of your Country to be punish'd in the sight of the Great People. I have weigh'd these Men in my Balance, and have found them the lightest that ever these Scales bore; there fore now my Sword takes place, I have brought them to Judgment, and will attend their Execution, and let all the Nation triumph: for by such Sacrifices Heaven is appeas'd.

GOOD English-men, Women, and Children give ear.
Unto the Confession that we shall rehearse,
Tis the dolefullest story you ever did hear,
By our selves writ in Prose, by Friend Bayes put in Verse.

To the Devil and Pope,
A Slave to Ambition, that ends in a Rope;
For betraying Fair London, her Gates claim my Quarters,
Take warning by me ye Suppliants of Charters.

I car'd not for Precedent, Conscience or Law,
Bear witness all you whom I have hang'd in the West,
If ever I valu'd Mens Lives of a Straw,But could sentence a Prisoner, and then break a Jaw.

The Sword and the Gun
Left the Work but half done,
My Breath more destructive, flew Ten for their One;
For I never gave Quarter where once I did seize.

The World cur'd me for it, but I knew whom to please;
On the Bench I could roar till I made the Walls shake;
In Court Ecclesiastick could hector the Church;
An Evidence too for a need I could make.

Ere I'd suffer the Cause to be lost in the Lurch.
T'wixt the Curtains I got,
Spy'd a Child reaking hot,

Which the Mother n'ere bore, nor the Father n'ere got;
My Eyes are the Vouchers of what I depose,
If you question my Eyes, I appeal to my Nose.

In Wapping at last I was snapt by surprise,
Thence dragg'd like a Varlet before my Lord-Mayor,
Where I had the Honour, in sight of Disgrace,
Out of his small Scales his Lordship to scare:

Thus much by the way.
Of Caution to say,
Seem'd needful, for those that their Country betray,

So farwew, and take notice that now my Dream's out.
Tis Matter of wonderment, how such a Varlet
As I am, and of so vile Reputation,
Should all on a sudden be clothed in Scarlet,

Of Old none but Lawyers were fit for that Station;
Tis best to be plain,
To conceal't is in vain,

It was to hang Arriving that thither I came.
And if you know more, give ear, I beseech,
To the words of Lord Wren, in an Eloquent Speech.

The Office of Judge, 'tis true, it a Trust is,
And that you, Brother Hol, are not fit for that Place,
Because, it is plain, you want Sense, Law, and Justice.

Dispende with the Laws, we'll dispende in that Case;
Do but do as you bid,
You shall never be child;

I may ride Tawny, but you must be rid.
Young Jack will get practice, who at present has none;
So that I have hand'd for the Good of my Son

A Sentence that made me abhor'd by Mankind,
Yet was forty that I no worse Penance could find.
On Jesters I fasten'd, and stuck like a Bur,
Like a Dog lick'd his Feet, shook my Tail, hung my Ears;

But at last my Patron kick'd me out like a Cur;
A Misfortune that then cost me many Salt Tears.
Ye Perverters of Law,
Before I withdraw,

Take a word of Good Counsel to keep you in awe:
Dispenders with Laws may escape for a Time,
But Tyranny will never dispende with the Crime.

Suborners were we, by some call'd the Pope's Men,
Enrich'd by destroying of Free Corporations,
And now of our Treachery reap the just Fruits,
Who for Bell made no Bones of destroying three Nations.

Such an infamous Brag,
Does the Gallows Disgrace,
And makes ev'n the Hangman ashamed of his Place;

The Grades his Office on such wicked Elves,
And could with for his Part we had hang'd our selves.
Like Villains abandoning Conscience and Shame,
No Practice we baulk'd, but could Bribe, Forge and Lie;

Like Blood-hounds could deit' rously find out the Game,
While a Kennel of Whinnies kept up the Cry.
To Collogue with the Court,
Of Mens Lives we made Sport;

Old Dogs at Intrigues, but now must swing for't,
With a Leash of vile Foremen of Juries that follows,
Whom we then brought to Murders, and now to the Gallows.

Make room for such Varlets as n'ere cumber'd Sledg,
The perjur'd vile Juries three Foremen are we,
Our Number falls right, and we claim priviledg,
T' have each Man his Beam on the Triangle Tree.

In Verdict agreed,
Like a true Tory Breed,
To shew our selves Loyal, made th' Innocent Bleed;

And after like Millicentans brag'd of our Jobs,
But we must give place to our Orator Waddy.
Room, room for Old Roger, the Scourge of the Nation,
Through all my Diligences I cannot escape,

I had better have stuck to my Trade of Translation,
Than have undertook to be guide to the Grape;
I instructed the Ray,
And taught them to draw

Good found true Divinity out of false Law;
Till Preachers and Pleaders came down with their Guiles,
Which I pocketed up, and then laugh'd at the Ninies.

The Rights of the Subject by me were well known;
The Frame of our Government none better knew;
I wrote gainst my Conscience, and Knowledge, I own,
But with Fool, not Philosopher, I had to do.

I take warning each Night

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